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# PITT®

CREATED BY DALE KEOWN

FULL BLEED™ STUDIOS

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## RECAP 14

*Unconscious, and under the collective watchful eye of the Axiom team, PITT relives a fierce battle with the Creed's meanest, greenest enemies, the Ectotherons.*

*Attempting to ward off an invasion of planet Earth by her own race, Ectotheron anchorite, Eurial, hides PITT in the dimension known as Shimmerspace. There, he must wait - in limbo - 'till the threat passes...*


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"Here about the beach I wandere'd, nourishing a youth sublime, with the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time."
-Alfred, Lord Tennyson
BEFORE THIS SELF-IMPOSED EXILE IN SHIMMERSPACE, THE WARRIOR HAD ALWAYS SOUGHT SOLITUDE.
HE STOOD OUTSIDE ALONE WHEN HIS FRIENDS AND FAMILY WOULD HAVE WELCOMED HIM WITHIN THEIR HOME. HE LEFT, WHEN THEY WANTED HIM TO STAY.
EYES SHUT TO THE ELECTRIC BRILLIANCE OF SHIMMERSPACE, HE CLINGS TO THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THIS EXILE WILL SOMEDAY END.
BUT NOW, AFTER BEING EMBRACED IN ISOLATION'S COLD ARMS FOR MANY YEARS THE WARRIOR FEELS LONELY FOR THE FIRST TIME.
HE HOPES IT WILL END SOON.
FAREWELL, OVERKHAN!

TRULY, IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I AND WE CONVERSED WITH YOU.
MY AND OUR MEMORY IS TINGED WITH SOME ... EMOTION... MELANCHOLY, PERHAPS -- OF THAT MEETING. BUT, I AND WE FEEL JOY AND FRUSTRATION AFTER THIS ENCOUNTER.
I'VE NEVER MET YOU BEFORE, CREATURE!

OUR LAST MEETING WAS EONS AGO FOR ME AND US-- ONLY DAYS, OR MONTHS, FOR YOU.
I AND WE ARE TRAVELLING BACKWARDS FROM THE ULTIMATE CONVERGENCE: THE END OF TIME. THE TASK GIVEN TO ME AND US BY SEER SO LONG AGO, IS BEYOND YOUR COMPREHENSION.
I AND WE ARE JEREB, THE CHAKRAN CHILD OF LIGHT, AND COME AS A HARBINGER OF PROBABILITIES.
NOSTALGIA FOR OUR TIME TOGETHER HAS LED TO THIS PAUSE IN MY AND OUR DUTY, I AND WE WISH TO SPARE YOU SOME OF THE DARKNESS AND PAIN BEFORE YOU.
PLEASE, DO NOT DO THAT AGAIN!
OH, I AND WE HAVE ALREADY SAID THAT!
TO PUT YOU AT EASE, I AND WE HAVE TAKEN THE FORM OF YOUR BROTHER, TIMMY BRACKEN.
TIMMY DOES NOT LOOK LIKE THAT!
OH! A CHRONOLOGICAL ERROR! THIS IS HOW HE APPEARED BEFORE YOU KILLED HIM.
BEFORE I WHAT?!
NO, DON'T TOUCH--

They were brothers, flesh and blood.
They played at being family for over a decade, but the game is over, all the pieces broken and scattered.
For the briefest of moments before this duel begins, they see in each other's eyes that this will be their final battle.
And as they tear each other's flesh, and spill each other's blood, they wonder why they had waited so long.

PLEASE. DO NOT DO THAT AGAIN!
OH, I AND WE HAVE ALREADY SAID THAT.
TIMMY--- I COULDN'T KILL THE BOY. IT'S A LIE.
NOT A LIE. A PROBABILITY.
PROBABILITY. THEN THIS CAN BE AVOIDED!
IT COULD BE AVOIDED, BUT YOU WOULD ONLY ENDURE A HARSHER FATE IN ITS STEAD.
WHAT COULD BE WORSE THAN KILLING MY BROTHER!
THIS--

YOUR SON'S LIFELESS BODY GROWS COLD AS YOU CRADLE HIM IN YOUR ONCE POWERFUL ARMS...
EVERYTHING'S BEEN TAKEN FROM YOU--FAMILY, ARMIES, EMPIRES, AND YOUR YOUTH.
YOU BEGIN TO HEAR THE WHISPERS IN THE SHADOWS. THE FINAL DARKNESS BECKONS YOU AT LAST.
AND, AS YOU HAVE ALWAYS FEARED, DEATH FINDS YOU ALONE AND UNMOURNED.

I HAVE TO WEIGH THE LIFE OF A SON I HAVE NEVER MET, AGAINST KILLING MY BROTHER TIMMY!!
NO.
I AND WE ARE MERELY SHOWING YOU PROBABILITIES. THE MORAL CHOICES ARE YOURS TO MAKE.
YOUR PROBABILITIES OFFER ME NO HOPE OR GLORY. THE CHOICE IS BETWEEN TWO EQUAL EVILS.
THERE IS ALWAYS HOPE, HYBRID. HOPE IS WHAT I AND WE BRING TO YOU. THE PAIN YOU FEEL IS OF YOUR OWN MAKING.
YOU WALK THE WARRIOR'S PATH, PITT, AND THAT ROAD IS PAVED WITH PAIN.
HERE IS A GLIMPSE OF THE GLORY YOU SEEK. PERHAPS IN THIS, YOU WILL FIND HOPE.

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TRIUMPH!
AT LONG LAST, THE PARASITE-KING ZOYVOD AND HIS ALLIES HAVE FALLEN. THE CREED EMPIRE HAS BEEN BROKEN AND FREEDOM REIGNS FROM THAT MOMENT FORWARD.
PITT LISTENS TO THE VOICES OF HIS VICTORIOUS ARMY SHOUTING THEIR EXULTATIONS INTO THE SMOKE-FILLED SKIES!
HE IS UNABLE TO FULLY RELISH HIS CONQUESTS AS ALL THE YEARS OF SEEMINGLY ENDLESS BATTLES AND COUNTLESS DEATHS WEIGH ON HIM LIKE AN IMMENSE STONE UPON HIS BACK.

YOU DISHONOR ME! THERE IS NO GLORY IN FIGHTING A BATTLE I KNOW I WILL WIN. I REFUSE TO BE A PAWN OF DESTINY!
HAD I WANTED TO BE A PUPPET, I WOULD HAVE [redacted] SLAVE.
YOU MISUNDERSTAND. YOUR FUTURE IS NOT PRE-ORDAINED.
YOU ARE A NEXUS OF CHANGE, PITT. YOUR ACTIONS AFFECT NOT ONLY YOUR IMMEDIATE ALLIES AND ENEMIES, BUT ALSO THE LIVES OF SENTIENT CREATURES ON THOUSANDS OF WORLDS THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.
THE CHOICES YOU MAKE WILL DETERMINE THE COURSE OF HISTORIES AS YET UNBORN.
YOUR PAST DEEDS MAKE YOUR ULTIMATE VICTORY AGAINST ZO[redacted] PROBABLE--NOT AN ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY.
IF YOU INTERPRET THE POTENTIAL FOR FAILURE AS HOPE, THEN I AND WE SHOULD SHOW YOU SOMETHING ELSE!
YOU WILL ENCOUNTER A NEXUS FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION, PITT. THIS IS ALL I AND WE KNOW FOR SURE, AS EVERY TIMELINE THIS BEING ENTERED HAS BECOME UNCERTAIN.

THIS CREATURE IS THE OTHER NEXUS. IT IS CALLED "URGRAL THUL", THE NECROMANCER.
IT CAN TRAVEL BETWEEN PARALLEL TIMELINES AT WILL AND HAS USED THIS ABILITY TO HUNT AND DEVOUR ITS DOUBLES FROM EVERY REALITY, ADDING THEIR LIFEFORCE TO ITS OWN.
URGRAL THUL NOW TROLLS THE MULTIVERSES FOR OTHER BEINGS OF POWER, SEEKING TO CONSUME THEM AS WELL.
WHEN THE NECROMANCER ARRIVES IN YOUR REALITY, IT WILL SEEK YOU OUT.
URGRAL THUL DESIRES MORE THAN YOUR DEATH, PITT: IT WANTS YOUR SOUL!

YOU SAID YOU WOULD SPARE ME SOME OF THE DARKNESS AND PAIN IN MY FUTURE, BUT ALL YOU HAVE FORETOLD IS DARKNESS AND PAIN!
THIS ISN'T HOW I AND WE WANTED THIS ENCOUNTER TO HAPPEN. I AND WE JUST WANTED TO HELP YOU.
IF YOU WANT TO HELP ME, TELL ME HOW MUCH LONGER I WILL BE STAYING HERE!
TELL ME HOW LONG I HAVE BEEN HERE!
YOU HAVE BEEN IN SHIMMERSPACE FOR FIVE EARTH YEARS.
EURIAL HAS ALREADY ACTIVATED THE RETRIEVAL SYSTEM THAT WILL RETURN YOU TO YOUR HOME DIMENSION.
THERE ARE NOW ONLY A FEW MINUTES LEFT FOR ME AND US TO TELL YOU SO MUCH INFORMATION.
WHAT?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!
YOUR LINEAR BRAIN IS--HAS DIFFICULTY--INTERPRETING--PLEASE--DO NOT DO THAT AGAIN! OH, I AND WE--PINPRICK HEMORRHAGES--HAVE ALREADY SAID THAT--WILL HEAL--SHORTLY--
MAKE SENSE!!
STRESS FROM NON-LINEAR--TOO SHORT--THE TRUTH-- THE MAN YOU--ANOTHER YOU MUST NOT--NON-LINEAR TIME CAUSES PINPRICK HEM--

STRESS FROM NON-LINEAR--TOO SHORT--THE TRUTH-- THE MAN YOU--ANOTHER YOU MUST NOT--NON-LINEAR TIME CAUSES PINPRICK HEM--
UHH--
YOUR LINEAR BRAIN IS--HAS DIFFICULTY--INTERPRETING--PLEASE--DO NOT DO THAT AGAIN! OH, I AND WE--PINPRICK HEMORRHAGES--HAVE ALREADY SAID THAT--WILL HEAL--SHORTLY--
I AND WE ASKED YOU NOT TO DO THAT. IT DISRUPTS MY AND OUR TEMPORAL FIELD.
WITHOUT IT, I AND WE CANNOT SEPARATE PAST AND FUTURE FROM THE PRESENT.
THIS BLEEDING IS FROM TINY HEMORRHAGES IN YOUR BRAIN, CAUSED BY THE STRESS OF NON-LINEAR TIME ON YOUR LINEAR MIND.
YOU ARE ALREADY HEALING, BUT YOU COULD NOT SURVIVE ANOTHER EXPOSURE TO YOUR FUTURE.
I AND WE HAVE FAILED. THERE WAS SO MUCH TO TELL YOU--TO WARN YOU ABOUT... ALL I AND WE HAVE SHOWN YOU ARE GLIMPSES OF YOUR DESTINY.

NO! ALL YOU HAVE DONE IS CONFUSE AND ENRAGE ME!
IF YOU HAVE WARNINGS, DELIVER THEM, AND LEAVE!
YOU HAVE DONE MORE THAN DISRUPT MY AND OUR TEMPORAL FIELD; YOU HAVE THROWN MEMORY INTO CHAOS. I AND WE CAN ONLY PARTIALLY REMEMBER THE WARNINGS.
THERE IS A HUMAN, MALE, I AND WE THINK, THAT YOU WILL WANT TO KILL. YOU MUST NOT DO SO, BECAUSE THAT WOULD CAUSE YOU GREAT PAIN AND SUFFERING IN YOUR FUTURE.
THERE IS ANOTHER HUMAN, ALSO MALE, THAT YOU WILL WANT TO KILL. IF YOU DO NOT KILL HIM, YOU WILL ENDURE MUCH PAIN AND SUFFERING.
WHAT KIND OF WARNING IS THAT?!

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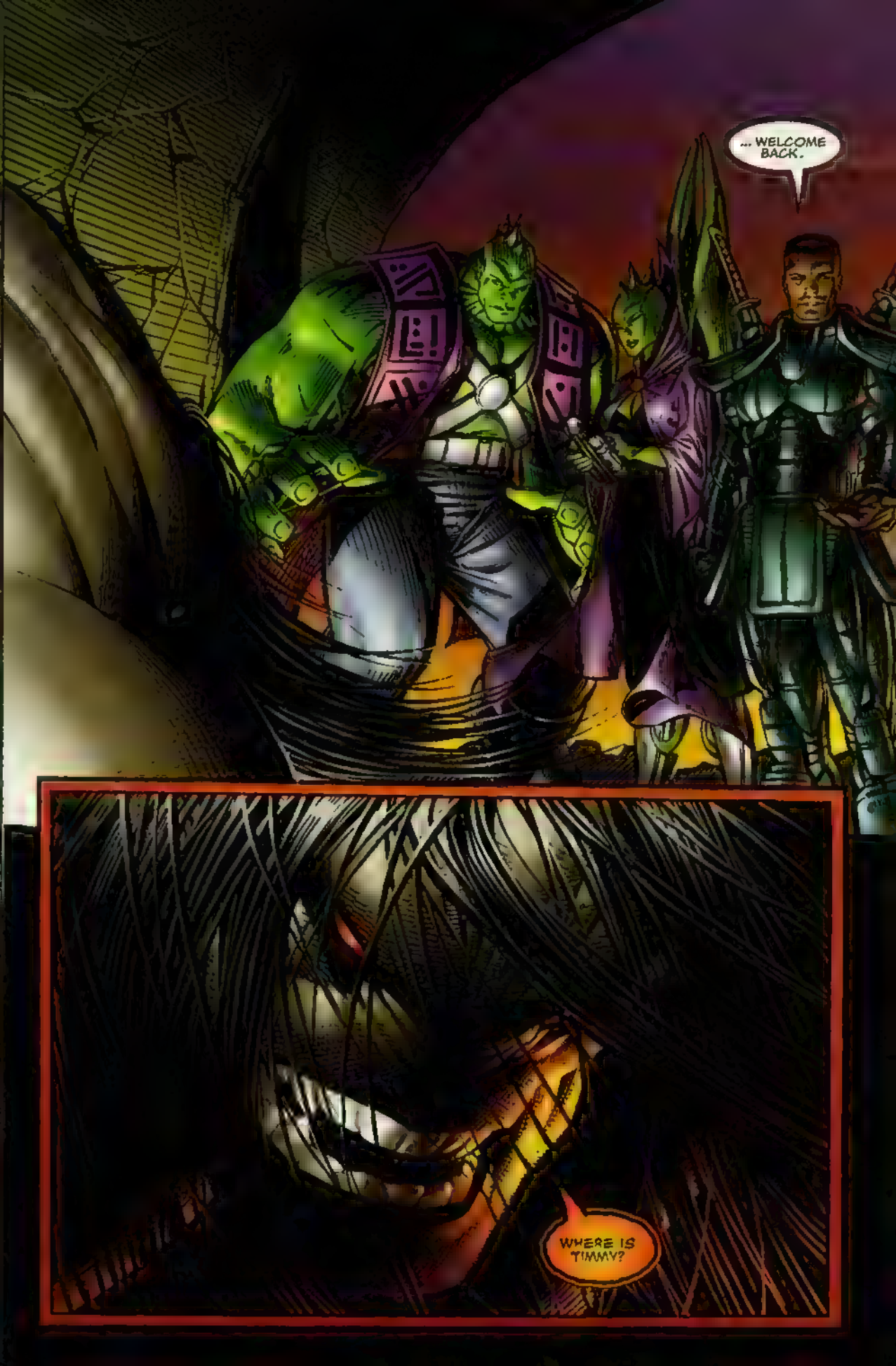
CROSSBOW TECHNOLOGIES, NEW YORK CITY,.
NOW, WHY WOULD THE GOOD DOCTORS WANT TO KNOW IF YOUR LITTLE THINGIE WENT OFF?
I DON'T KNOW!
AND WHY SHOULD I BELIEVE YOU?
BECAUSE, LUPE...
BUT HE--TH-THEY THE DOCTORS GUILEY SAID THEY WANTED TO KNOW IMMEDIATELY IF THIS DEVICE ACTIVATED.
REALLY?
OUR EMPLOYEES FOLLOW ORDERS WITHOUT QUESTION. SOONER OR LATER, WE EXPECT YOU'LL DO THE SAME, MS. SILVA.
THANK YOU, JOHNSON. YOU DID WELL.
JOVOVICH, SIR.
AND MS. SILVA...
WE'D PREFER IF YOU'D REFRAIN FROM KILLING ANY MORE OF THE HIRED HELP. IT'S SO UNPROFESSIONAL.

BIANCA, RETRIEVE THE PITT FILE FOR US. OUR GIFT FROM THE ECTOTHERONS HAS PERFORMED ITS FUNCTION.
YES, SIRS.
IT SEEMS WE'VE FOUND A USE FOR YOU LITTLE MONSTERS AFTER ALL.
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET YOUR FATHER?

UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER, NEAR EDGEWATER, NEW JERSEY...
PITT...


... WELCOME BACK.
WHERE IS TIMMY?

TIMMY!
GET BACK IN HERE RIGHT NOW OR YOU'LL VIOLATE YOUR PAROLE!
MAN, NOBODY CALLS ME TIMMY ANYMORE ALL RIGHT?
MY GRANDPA WAS THE LAST ONE TO CALL ME THAT!
YEAH, AN' WE ALL KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO HIM.
YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING.
I GIVE UP.
ACT YOUR RAGE
ONE NIGHT ONLY
KRAK!
CRAP! I NEED A LIGHT!

KA-CHOOM!
AND THEY SAY CIGARETTES CAN KILL YOU...